A FURTHER ACCOUNT

Of the most Deplorable Condition OF Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*; BOOKSELLER.

Price Three Pence.

A FURTHER

ACCOUNT

OF the moſt

Deplorable Condition

OF

Mr. EDMUND CURLL,

BOOKSELLER.

Price Three Pence.

ASHLEY
LIBRARY

A FURTHER

ACCOUNT

Of the moſt

Deplorable Condition

OF

Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*,

BOOKSELLER.

Since his being POISON'D on the 28th of *March*.

To be publiſh'd Weekly.

LONDON

Printed, and Sold by all the Publiſhers, Mercuries, and Hawkers, within the Bills of Mortality. 1716.

A FURTHER

ACCOUNT

of the most

Deplorable Condition

OF

Mr. EDMUND CURLL,

Bookseller.

Since his being POISON'D on the
28th of March.

To be published Weekly.

LONDON

Printed, and Sold by all the Publishers, Mercuries, and Hawkers, within the Bills of Mortality.
1716.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT

Of the moſt Deplorable Condition

Of Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*, Bookſeller.

THE Publick is already acquainted with the Manner of Mr. *Curll*'s Impoiſonment, by a faithful, tho' unpolite, Hiſtorian of *Grub-ſtreet*. I am but the Continuer of his Hiſtory; yet I hope a due Diſtinction will be made, between an undignify'd Scribler of a Sheet and half, and the Author of

a

a Three-Penny ſtitcht Book, like my ſelf.

Wit (ſaith Sir *Richard Blackmore*) *proceeds from a Concurrence of regular and exalted Ferments, and an Affluence of Animal Spirits rectify'd and refin'd to a degree of Purity.* On the contrary, when the igneous Particles riſe with the vital Liquor, they produce an Abſtraction of the rational Part of the Soul, which we commonly call *Madneſs*. The Verity of this Hypotheſis, is juſtify'd by the Symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookſeller, hath been afflicted ever ſince his ſwallowing the Poiſon at the *Swan* Tavern in *Fleetſtreet*. For tho' the *Neck* of his *Retort*, which carries up the Animal Spirits to the Head, is of an extraordinary Length, yet the ſaid Animal Spirits riſe muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable Particles of this uncommon Poiſon.

The

The Symptoms of his Departure from his uſual Temper of Mind, were at firſt only *ſpeaking civilly to his Cuſtomers*, taking a Fancy to *ſay his Prayers*, *ſingeing a Pig with a new purchas'd Libel*, and *refuſing Two and Nine Pence for Sir* R— B——'s *Eſſays*.

As the poor Man's Frenzy increas'd, he began to *void his Excrements in his Bed*, *read* Rocheſter's *bawdy Poems to his Wife*, gave *Oldmixon* a *ſlap* on the *Chops*, and wou'd have kiſs'd Mr. *Pemberton*'s A—— *by Violence*.

But at laſt he came to ſuch a paſs, that he wou'd *dine upon nothing but Copper Plates*, took a *Clyſter for a whipt Syllabub*, and eat a *Suppoſitory* for a *Raddiſh* with *Bread* and *Butter*.

We leave it to every tender Wife to imagine how ſorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. *Curll*; At firſt ſhe privately put a *Bill* into ſeveral *Churches*, deſiring the Prayers of the Congregation

gregation for a *wretched Stationer* diſtemper'd in Mind. But when ſhe was ſadly convinc'd that his Misfortune was publick to all the World, writ the following Letter to her good Neighbour Mr. *Lintott*.

A true Copy of Mrs. Curll's *Letter to Mr.* Lintott.

Worthy Mr. Lintott,

'YOU, and all the Neighbours 'know too well, the Frenzy 'with which my poor Man is viſi-'ted. I never perceiv'd he was out 'of himſelf, till that melancholy 'Day that he thought he was poi-'ſon'd in a Glaſs of Sack; upon this, 'he took a ſtrange Fancy to run a 'Vomiting all over the Houſe, and 'in the new waſh'd Dining Room. 'Alas! this is the greateſt Adverſity 'that ever befel my poor Man ſince 'he loſt *one Teſticle* at School by the 'bite of a black Boar. Good Lord! 'if he ſhould die, where ſhould I diſ-'poſe of the Stock? unleſs Mr. *Pem-'berton* or you would help a diſtreſſed 'Widow;

' Widow; for God knows he never
' publiſh'd any Books that laſted a-
' bove a Week, ſo that if we want-
' ed *daily Books*, we wanted *daily*
' *Bread*. I can write no more,
' for I hear the Rap of Mr. *Curll*'s
' *Ivory headed Cane* upon the Coun-
' ter. — Pray recommend me to your
' *Paſtry Cook*, who furniſhes you
' yearly with Tarts in exchange for
' your Papers, for Mr. *Curll* has diſ-
' oblig'd ours ſince his Fits came up-
' on him; — before that, we gene-
' rally liv'd upon bak'd Meats. —
' He is coming in, and I have but
' juſt time to put his Son out of the
' way for fear of Miſchief: So wiſh-
' ing you a merry Eaſter, I remain
' your

moſt humble Servant,

C. Curll.

' *P. S.* As to the Report of my
' poor Husband's ſtealing a *Calf*, it
' is really groundleſs, for he always
' binds in *Sheep*.

But return we to Mr. *Curll*, who all *Wedneſday* continued outragiouſly Mad. On *Thurſday* he had a *lucid Interval*, that enabled him to ſend a general Summons to all *his Authors*. There was but one Porter who cou'd perform this Office, to whom he gave the following Bill of Directions where to find 'em. This Bill, together with Mrs. *Curll*'s Original Letter, lye at Mr. *Lintott*'s Shop to be perus'd by the Curious.

Inſtructions to a Porter how to find Mr. Curll's *Authors.*

'AT a Tallow-chandlers in *Pet-*
'*ty France*, half way under
'the blind Arch: Ask for the *Hiſto-*
'*rian.*

'At the Bedſted and Bolſter, a
'Muſick Houſe in *Moreſields*, two
'Tranſlators in a Bed together.

'At

'At the *Hercules* and *Still* in *Vine-*
'*gar-yard*, a School-Maſter with
'Carbuncles on his Noſe.

'At a Blackſmiths Shop in the
'*Friars*, a Pindarick Writer in red
'Stockings.

'In the Calendar Mill Room at
'*Exeter* Change, a Compoſer of
'Meditations.

'At the Three *Tobacco Pipes* in
'*Dog* and *Bitch* Yard, one that has
'been a Parſon, he wears a blue
'Camblet Coat trim'd with black;
'my beſt Writer againſt *reveal'd*
'*Religion*.

'At Mr. *Summers* a Thief-catchers,
'in *Lewkners* Lane, the Man that
'wrote againſt the Impiety of Mr.
'*Rowe*'s Plays.

'At the Farthing Pye Houſe in
'*Tooting* Fields, the young Man who
'is writing my new *Paſtorals*.

'At the Laundreſſes, at the Hole 'in the Wall in *Curſitors* Alley, up 'three Pair of Stairs, the Author of 'my *Church Hiſtory* —— if his Flux 'be over —— you may alſo ſpeak to 'the Gentleman who lyes by him in 'the Flock Bed, my *Index-maker*.

'The *Cook's Wife* in *Buckingham* 'Court; bid her bring along with 'her the *Similes* that were lent her 'for her next new Play.

'Call at *Budge Row* for the Gen-'tleman you uſe to go to in the Cock-'loft; I have taken away the Lad-'der, but his Landlady has it in 'keeping.

'I don't much care if you ask 'at the *Mint* for the old Beetle-'brow'd Critick, and the purblind 'Poet at the Alley over againſt St. '*Andrews Holbourn*. But this as 'you have time.

All

All theſe Gentlemen appear'd at the Hour appointed, in Mr. *Curll*'s Dining Room, two excepted; one of whom was the Gentleman in the Cock-loft, his Landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnaſſum* taken down; the other happened to be too cloſely watch'd by the Bailiffs.

They no ſooner enter'd the Room, but all of them ſhow'd in their Behaviour ſome Suſpicion of each other; ſome turning away their Heads with an Air of Contempt; others ſquinting with a Leer that ſhow'd at once Fear and Indignation, each with a haggard abſtracted Mien, the lively Picture of *Scorn*, *Solitude*, and *ſhort Commons*. So when a Keeper feeds his hungry Charge, of Vultures, Panthers, and of *Lybian* Leopards, each eyes his Fellow with a fiery Glare: High hung, the bloody Liver tempts their Maw. Or as a Houſewife ſtands before her Pales, ſurrounded by her Geeſe; they fight, they

they hiſs, they gaggle, beat their Wings, and Down is ſcatter'd as the Winter's Snow, for a poor Grain of Oat, or Tare, or Barley. Such Looks ſhot thro' the Room tranſverſe, oblique, direct; ſuch was the ſtir and din, till *Curll* thus ſpoke, (but without riſing from his Cloſe-ſtool.)

'*Whores* and *Authors* muſt be paid 'beforehand to put them in good 'Humour; therefore here is half a 'Crown a piece for you to drink your 'own Healths, and Confuſion to 'Mr. *Addiſon*, and all other ſucceſs-'ful Writers.

'Ah Gentlemen! What have I 'not done, what have I not ſuffer'd, 'rather than the World ſhould be 'depriv'd of your Lucubrations? I 'have taken involuntary Purges, I 'have been vomited, three Times 'have I been can'd, once was I hun-'ted, twice was my Head broke by 'a Grenadier, twice was I toſs'd in 'a Blanket; I have had Boxes on 'the Ear, Slaps on the Chops; I

'have

' have been frighted, pump'd, kick'd,
' ſlander'd and beſhitten. ———
' I hope, Gentlemen, you are all
' convinc'd that this Author of
' Mr. *Lintott*'s could mean nothing
' elſe but ſtarving you by poiſoning
' me. It remains for us to conſult
' the beſt and ſpeedieſt Methods
' of Revenge.

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, but the *Hiſtorian* propos'd a Hiſtory of his Life. The *Exeter* Exchange Gentleman was for penning Articles of his Faith. Some pretty ſmart *Pindarick*, (ſays the Red-Stocking Gentleman,) would effectually do his Buſineſs. But the *Index-maker* ſaid their was nothing like an *Index* to his *Homer*.

After ſeveral Debates they came to the following Reſolutions.

' *Reſolv'd*, That every Member
' of this Society, according to his ſe-
' veral Abilities, ſhall contribute
' ſome way or other to the Defama-
' tion of Mr. *Pope*.

' *Re-*

'*Resolv'd*, That towards the Li-
'belling of the said Mr. *Pope*, there
'be a Summ employ'd not exceed-
'ing Six Pounds Sixteen Shillings
'and Nine Pence (not including
'Advertisements.)

'*Resolv'd*, That Mr. *D*—— make
'an Affidavit before Mr. *Justice*
'*Tally*, that in Mr. *Pope*'s *Homer*,
'there are several Passages contra-
'ry to the establish'd Rules of OUR
'Sublime.

'*Resolved*, That he has on Pur-
'pose in several Passages perverted
'the true ancient *Heathen* Sense of
'*Homer*, for the more effectual Pro-
'pagation of the *Popish* Religion.

'*Resolv'd*, That the Printing of
'*Homer*'s Battles at this Juncture,
'has been the Occasion of all the
'Disturbances of this Kingdom.

'*Ordered*, That Mr. *Barnivelt* be
'invited to be a Member of this So-
'ciety,

'ciety, in order to make further 'Diſcoveries.

'*Reſolv'*d, That a number of ef-'fective *Errata*'s be raiſed out of 'Mr. *Pope*'s *Homer* (not exceeding '1746.) and that every Gentleman, 'who ſhall ſend in one Error, for 'his Encouragement ſhall have the 'whole Works of this Society *Gra-'tis.*

'*Reſolv'd*, That a Summ not ex-'ceeding Ten Shillings and Six-pence 'be diſtributed among the Members 'of this Society for *Coffee* and *To-'bacco*, in order to enable them the 'more effectually to defame him in '*Coffee-Houſes.*

'*Reſolv'd*, That towards the fur-'ther leſſening the Character of the 'ſaid Mr. *Pope*, ſome Perſons be de-'puted to abuſe him at Ladies *Tea 'Tables*, and that in Conſideration 'our Authors are not *well dreſs'd* 'enough, Mr. C——y be deputed 'for that Service.

'*Reſolv'd*, That a *Ballad* be made 'againſt Mr. *Pope*, and that Mr. '*Oldmixon*, Mr. *Gildon* and Mrs. '*Centlivre* do prepare and bring in 'the ſame.

'*Reſolv'd*, That above all, ſome 'effectual Ways and Means be found 'to encreaſe the Joint Stock of the 'Reputation of this Society, which 'at preſent is exceedingly low, and 'to give their Works the greater 'Currency; whether by raiſing the 'Denomination of the ſaid Works by 'counterfeit Title Pages, or mixing 'a greater Quantity of the fine Me-'tal of other Authors, with the Al-'loy of this Society.

'*Reſolv'd*, That no Member of 'this Society for the future mix '*Stout* in his *Ale* in a Morning, and 'that Mr. *B.* remove from the *Her-'cules* and *Still*.

'*Reſolv'd*, That all our Members, '(except the *Cook's* Wife) be provi-

'ded

'ded with a ſufficient Quantity of 'the *vivifying Drops*, Or *Byfield's* 'Sal Volatile.

'*Reſolv'd*, That Sir *R. B.* be ap-'pointed to endue this Society with 'a large Quantity of *regular and ex-'alted Ferments*, in order to *enliven* 'their *cold Sentiments* (being his 'true Receipt to make Wits.)

Theſe Reſolutions being taken, the Aſſembly was ready to break up, but they took ſo near a-part in Mr. *Curll*'s Afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving ſome Advice to re-inſtate him in his Health.

Mr. *Gildon* was of Opinion, That in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *Belly*, he ſhould get the Mummy of ſome deceas'd Moderator of the General Aſſembly in *Scotland*, to be taken inwardly as an effectual Antidote againſt Antichriſt; but Mr. *Oldmixon* did conceive, that the *Liver* of the Perſon who adminiſtred

the Poiſon, boil'd in Broth, would be a more certain Cure.

While the Company were expecting the Thanks of Mr. *Curll*, for theſe Demonſtrations of their Zeal, a whole Pile of *Eſſays* on a ſudden fell on his Head; the Shock of which in an Inſtant brought back his Dilirium. He immediately roſe up, over-turn'd the Cloſe-ſtool, and beſhit the *Eſſays* (which may probably occaſion a *ſecond Edition*) then without putting up his Breeches, in a moſt furious Tone, he thus broke out to his Books, which his diſtemper'd Imagination repreſented to him as alive, coming down from their Shelves, fluttering their Leaves, and flapping their Covers at him.

Now *G—d damn* all *Folio's*, *Quarto's*, *Octavo's* and *Duodecimo's!* ungrateful Varlets that you are, who have ſo long taken up my Houſe without paying for your Lodging?—Are you not the beggarly Brood of fumbling *Journey-men*; born in *Garrets*, among

among *Lice* and *Cobwebs*, nurs'd upon *Grey Peas*, *Bullocks Liver*, and *Porter's Ale*?—Was not the firſt Light you ſaw, the *Farthing* Candle I paid for? Did you not come before your Time into *dirty Sheets* of brown Paper? — And have not I cloath'd you in double *Royal*, lodg'd you handſomely on *decent Shelves*, lac'd your *Backs* with *Gold*, equipt you with ſplendid *Titles*, and ſent you into the World with the Names of *Perſons of Quality*? Muſt I be *always* plagu'd with you? — Why flutter ye your Leaves, and flap your Covers at me? Damn ye all, ye *Wolves* in *Sheeps Cloathing*; *Rags ye were, and to Rags ye ſhall return.* Why hold you forth your *Texts* to me, ye paltry *Sermons*? Why cry ye—at every Word to me, ye *bawdy Poems*? —— To my Shop at *Tunbridge* ye ſhall go, by G—— and thence be drawn like the reſt of your Predeceſſors, bit by bit, to the *Paſſage-Houſe*: For in this preſent Emotion of my Bowels, how do I compaſſionate thoſe who have great

great need, and nothing to wipe their Breech with?

Having ſaid this, and at the ſame Time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his Fury, and with great Gravity, apply'd to that Function the unfiniſh'd Sheets of the Conduct of the E—of *N—m.*

FINIS.